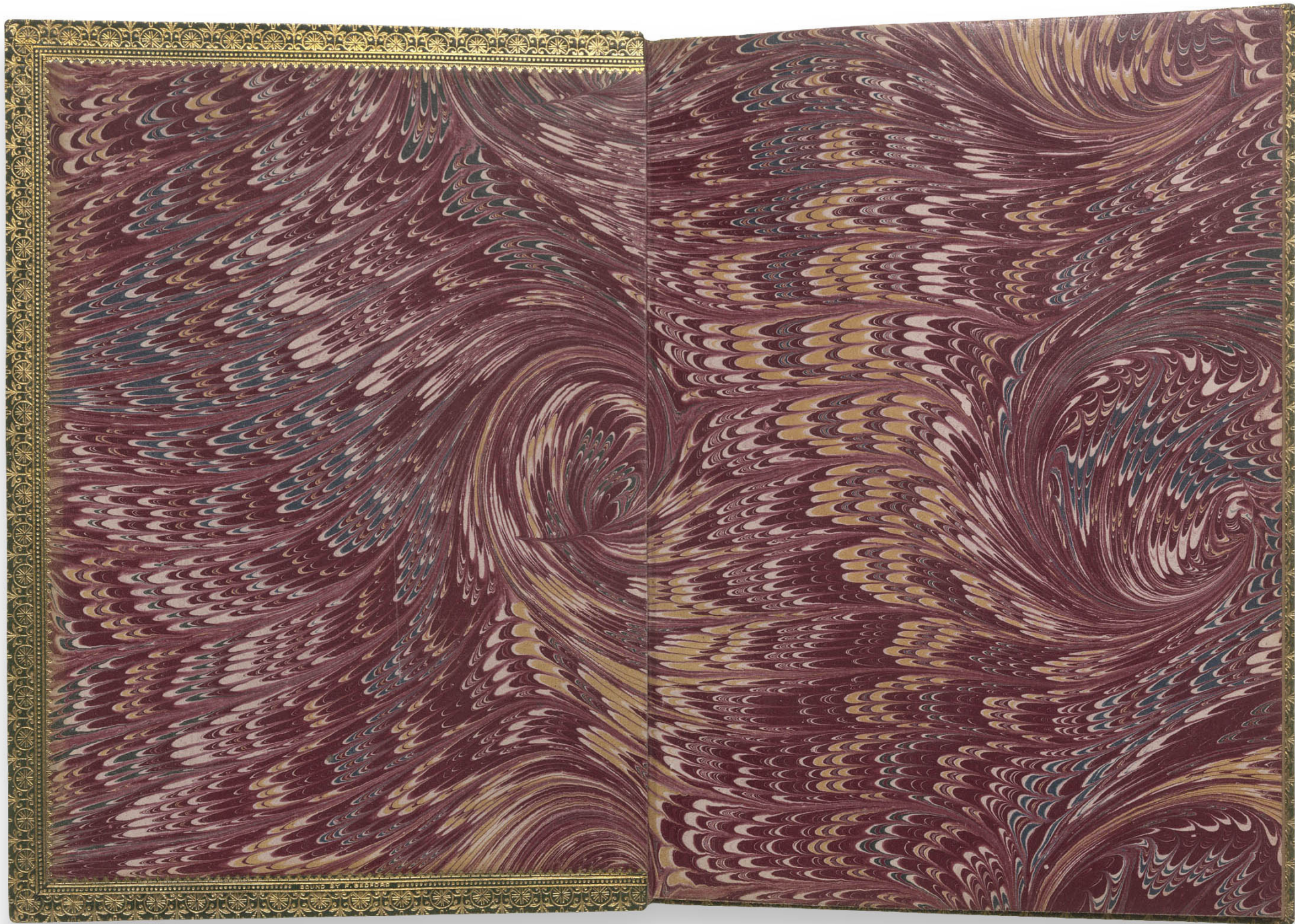


SHAKESPEARE  
RICHARD  
THE  
THIRD

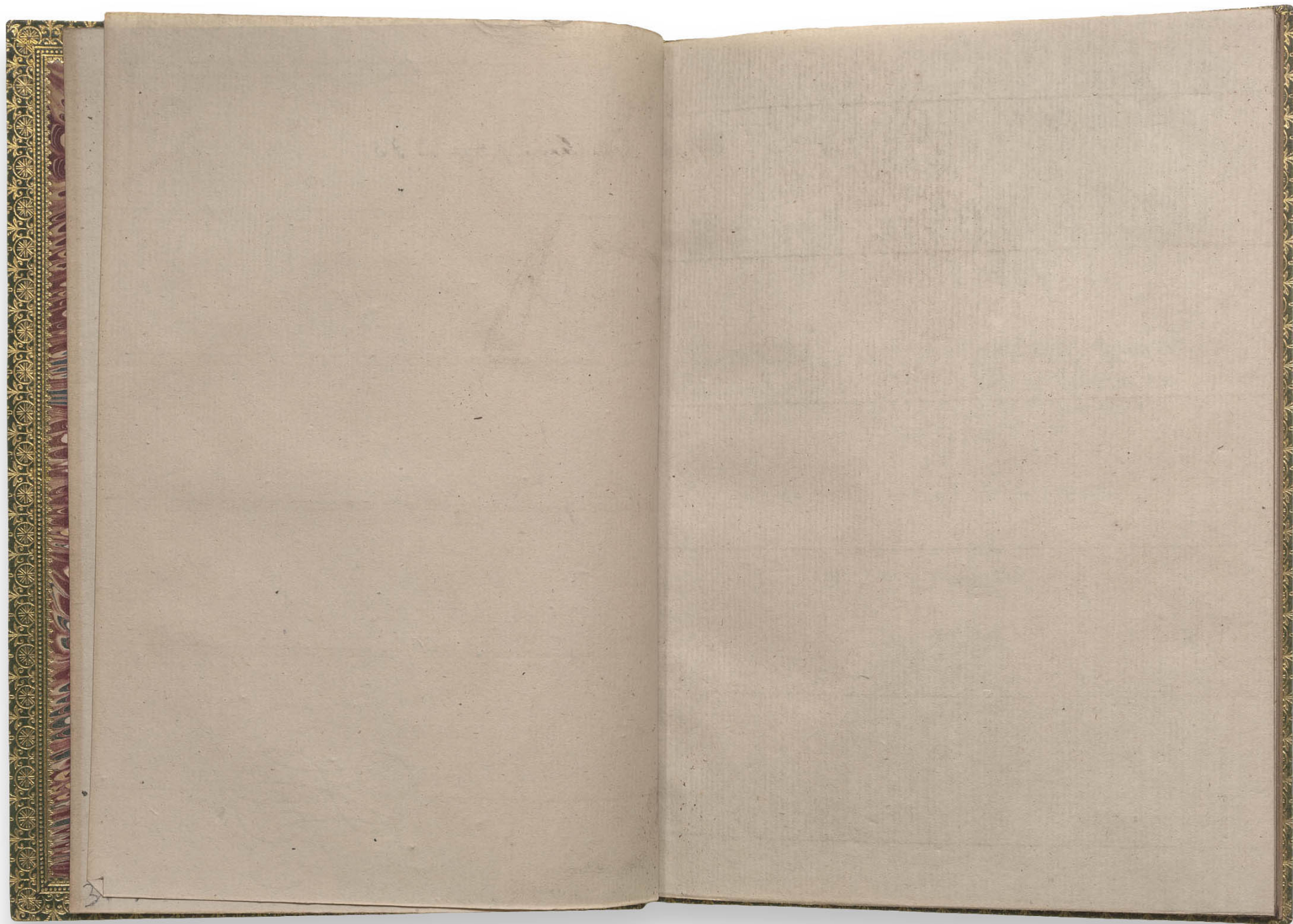
LOND.  
1629



JA 3705

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THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
KING RICHARD  
THE THIRD.

Contayning his trecherous Plots, against  
*his brother Clarence : The pittifull murther of his ino-*  
*cent Nephewes : his tiranous vsurpation : with the whole*  
*course of his detested life, and most*  
*deserued death.*

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties  
*Servants.*

Newly agmented.

By *William Shake-speare.*



LONDON.

Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*,  
dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the Signe of the  
*Foxe*, neere *S<sup>t</sup>. Austines gate*,

1629.



*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

**N**OW is the winter of discontent,  
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of Yorke:  
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our house,  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,  
Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,  
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,  
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures,  
Grim-visag'd war, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
And now insted of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,  
He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,  
To the laciuous pleasing of a loue,  
But I that am not sharpe of sportius trickes,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse,  
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maiesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;  
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time  
Into this breathing world halie made vp,  
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,  
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them,  
Why in this weake piping time of peace,  
Haue no delight to passe away the King's  
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,  
And descant one mine owne deformity,  
And therefore since I cannot prouea loue,  
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
I am determin'd to prouea villaine,  
And here the late pleasures of these dayes  
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,  
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,  
In deadly hate the one against the other,  
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust  
As I am subtil, false and trecherous:  
This day should *Clarence* closely bee mewd vp,  
About a prophesie which sayes that G,  
Of *Edwards* heires the murderer shall be.  
Diuethoughtes downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*  
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of men.*  
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard  
That waits vpon your grace?

*Cl.* His maiesty tending my persons safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Vpon what cause?

*Cl.* Because my name is *George*,

*Glo.* Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should for that commit your god fathers:  
O belike his maiesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new christned in the tower,  
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

*Cl.* Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest  
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,  
He herkens after prophesies and dreames,  
And from the crosse-tow pluckes the letter G,  
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,  
His issue disinherited should be,  
And for my name of *George* begins with G,  
It followes in his thought that I am he;  
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,  
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,  
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,  
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she  
That tempts him to this extremitie,  
Was it not she and that good man of worship  
*Anthony Woodville* her brother there,  
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliuered?  
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

*Cl.*

of *Richard the Third.*

*Cl.* By heauen I thinke there is no man secur'd  
But the queenes kindred, and night walking heralds  
that truge betweene the King and *Mistris Shore*:  
Heard you not what an humble suppliant  
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliery?

*Glo.* Humbly complayning to her Deity,  
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,  
Teltell you what, I thinke it were our way,  
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,  
To bee her men and were her liuery,  
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her selfe,  
Since that our brother dubb them *Gentlewomen*,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Bro.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me?  
His maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,  
That no man shall haue priuate conference,  
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

*Glo.* Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,  
You may pertake of any thing wee say:  
We speake no treason man, we say the King  
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Queene  
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,  
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretty foote,  
A chery lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:  
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:  
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

*Bro.* With this (My Lord) my selfe hath nought to do.

*Glo.* Nought to do with *Mistris Shore*, I tell thee fellow,  
He that doth nought with her excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly alone,

*Bro.* What one my Lord?

*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-  
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare

*Cl.* we know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey,

*Glo.* We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,

Brother farewell I will vnto the King,

And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,

Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,  
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brother hood,  
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

*Cla.* I know it please h neither of vs well.

*Glo.* Well your imprisonment shall not be long.  
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,  
Meane time haue patience.

*Cla.* I must perforce, fare well.

*Exit Cla.*

*Glo.* Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,  
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,  
If heauen will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Hastings*.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,

*Glo.* As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well, are you wellcome to this open aire,  
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

*Hast.* with patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:  
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,  
For they that were your enemyes, are his,  
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pittie that the Egle should be mewed  
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What newes abroad,

*Hast.* No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:  
The King is sickly weake and melancholly,  
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

*Glo.* now by saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,  
Oh he hath kept on ill diet long,  
And ouer much consumed his royall person,  
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,  
What is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you,  
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die  
Till *George* be packt with post horse vp to heauen:  
He is to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

*Exit Hast.*

of Richard the Third.

With lies well steeld with weightie arguments,  
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,  
*Clarence* hath not another day to liue:  
Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy,  
And leaue the world for me to bussell in,  
For then Ile marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter,  
What though I kill her husband and her father,  
The rediest way to make the wench amends,  
Is to become her husband and her father:  
The which will I not all so much for loue,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marring her which I must reach vnto,  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
*Clarence* still liues, *Edward* still raignes,  
When they are gone then must I count my gaines.

*Exit*

*Enter Lady Anne, with the horse of Henry the sixt.*

*Lady.* Set downe, set downe, your honorable Lord.

If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,  
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament  
The vntimely fall of verruous *Lancaster*,  
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,  
Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,  
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,  
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,  
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,  
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,  
Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes  
Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,

I poure the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes,  
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,  
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to doe it,  
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:  
Then I can wish to Adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.  
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,  
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:  
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect  
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

*III*



If euer he haue wife let her be mad,  
 As miserable by the death of him,  
 As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.  
 Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy load  
 Taken from *Pauls* to be interred there:  
 And still as you are weary of the waight,  
 Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarfe.

Enter *Glocester*.

*Glo.* Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,  
*La.* What blacke Magitian, coniuers vp this fiend  
 To stop deuoted charitable deeds?  
*Glo.* Villains, set downe the coarfe or by *Saint Paul*,  
 Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes?  
*Gen.* Stand backe and Let the coffin passe,  
*Glo.* Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,  
 Advance thy halbert higher then my brest,  
 Or by *Saint Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,  
 And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.  
*La.* What do you tremble, are you all affraid?  
 Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,  
 And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.  
 Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,  
 Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,  
 His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,  
*Glo.* Sweet Saint for charity, bee not so curst.  
*La.* Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,  
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:  
 Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaymes,  
 If thou delight to vew thy hanious doeds,  
 Beho'd this patterne of thy butcheries.  
 Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,  
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,  
 Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformity,  
 For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,  
 From cold and empiric veynes where no blood dwels,  
 Thy deed inhumane and vnaturall,  
 Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,  
 Oh Ood, which this bloud mad' st, reuenge his death:  
 Oh earth which this bloud drink' st, reuenge his death:  
 Either be auen with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or learia gape open wide, and eate him quicke,  
 As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,  
 Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rule of charity,  
 Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,

*La.* Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:  
 No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*La.* Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth,

*Glo.* More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,  
 Vouchsafe, deuine perfection of a woman,  
 Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,  
 By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.

*La.* vouchsafe defused infection of a man,  
 For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,  
 By circumstance to curse thy curst selfe.

*Glo.* Eairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue  
 Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.

*La.* Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make  
 No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

*Glo.* By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

*La.* And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,  
 For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,  
 Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

*Glo.* Say that I slew them not.

*La.* Why then they are not dead:  
 But dead they are and diuelish slaue by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*La.* Why then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay he is dead and slaine by *Edwards* hand.

*La.* In thy soule throat thou liest. *Queene Margret* saw  
 Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his blood,  
 The which thou once didst bend against her brest,  
 But that my brother beat aside the poynt.

*Glo.* I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue  
 Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

*La.* Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,  
 Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes:  
 Didst thou not kill this King?

*Glo.* I grant yee:

*La.*

The Tragedie

*La.* Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too  
Thou maiſt be damned for that wicked deede.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

*Glo.* The ſitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

*La.* He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.

*Glo.* Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,  
For he was ſitter for that place then earth.

*La.* And thou viſit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.

*La.* Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*La.* Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.

*Glo.* So will it Maddam till I lie with you.

*La.* I hope ſo.

*Glo.* I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,

To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,

And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode

Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,

Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,

As blamefull as the executioner?

*La.* Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.

Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe,

To vndertake the death of all the world,

So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.

*La.* If I thought that, I tell thee homicid e,

Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.

*Glo.* Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweete beauties wracke

You ſhould not blemish them if I ſtood by:

As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,

So I by that, it is my day, my life.

*La.* Blacke night overſhad thy day, and death thy life.

*Glo.* Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.

*La.* I would I were to be reuenged on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,

To be reuenged on him that loueth you.

*La.* It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,

To be reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband,

*Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband.

Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard the Third.

*La.* His better doth not breake vpon the earth.

*Glo.* Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

*La.* Name him *Glo.* Plantagenet.

*La.* Why what was hee?

*Glo.* The ſelfe ſame name but one of better nature,

*La.* Where is hee?

*Glo.* Here.

*Shee ſpitteth at him.*

Why doeſt ſpit at me?

*La.* Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.

*Glo.* Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.

*La.* Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,

Out of my ſight thou doeſt infect my eyes.

*Glo.* thine eyes ſweete Lady haue infected mine,

*La.* Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a liuing death:

Theſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,

Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,

I neuer ſued to friends nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſmoothing words.

But now thy beauty is propoſde my ſee;

My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,

Teach no: my lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made

For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot for giue,

Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe poynted ſword,

Which if you pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,

And let the ſoule forth that adorneth thee:

I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, doe not payſe, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on:

*Here ſhe let's*

Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me.

*ſall the ſword.*

*La.* A liſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.

*La.* I haue alreadie.

The Tragicke

*Glo.* Tis that was in the rage:  
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,  
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,  
Shall for thy loue, kill a faire truer loue,  
To both their deahts thou shalt be accessary.

*La.* I would know thy heart.

*Glo.* Tis figured in my tongue.

*La.* I feare me both are false.

*Glo.* Then neuer man was true.

*La.* Well, well, put vp your sword.

*Glo.* Say then my peace is made.

*La.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glo.* But I shall liue in hope.

*La.* All men I hope liue so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

*La.* To take is not to giue.

*Glo.* Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,  
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.  
Were both of them for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poore supplyant may  
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.

*La.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it would please thee leaue these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
A presently repaire to Crosbie place,  
Where after I haue solemnly entered  
At Chertse Monastery this noble King,  
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,  
I will with all expedient dutie see you:  
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you  
Grant me this boone.

*La.* with all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,  
To see you are become so penitent:

*Tressil and Bartly* goe a long with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*La.* Tis more then you deserue:  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already

Exit.

*Glo.*

of Richard the Third.

*Glo.* Sirs, take vp the course.

*Ser.* Towards Chertse noble Lord?

*Glo.* No to white Fryers there attend my coming:

Was euer woman in this humour wooed? *Exunt Manet Glo.*

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I haue kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:

With cursts in her mouth teares in her eyes.

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me;

And I nothing to backe my sute withall

But the plaine Diuel and dissembling lookes,

And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?

Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since

Stabd in my angry mood at *Tenxbury?*

A sweeter and louelier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigality of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe afford.

And will she yet debace her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,

And made her widdow to a woefull bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edwards moiety,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?

My Dukedom to be a beggerly denier,

I doe mistake my person all this while.

Vpon my life shee finds although I cannot

My selfe, to be a marualous proper man,

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine some score or two of tailors

To studie fashions to adorne my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first ile turne yon fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my shadow as I passe.

Exit.

Enter

The Tragedy

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray,

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his maiesty,  
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,  
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,  
and cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If he were dead what should betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority

Is put in the trust of Rich. Gloucester,

A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,

But so it must be if the King miscarry, Enter Buck, Darby,

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiesty ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby,

To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:

Yet Darby, not withstanding shees your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assured

I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleuee

The enuious slanders of her accusers,

Or if she be accused in true report,

Bear with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did, He desires to make attonement

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,  
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it:

Who are they that complains vnto the King?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:

By holy Paul they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his eares with such dissentious rumours:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces smooth decciue and cog

Ducke with Frensh nods, and apish courtiesie,

I must be held a rankerous enemie.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme;

But thus in simple truth must be abuse

By sliken sliue insinuating Iackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speakes your grace.

Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.

When I haue iniured thee, when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall perion

(Whome God preferue better then you can wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complainrs.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The King of his owne royall disposition,

And not prouokt by any suter else,

Ayming belike a your interiour hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather

The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That wrens way prey where eagles dare not perch,

Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother Gloucester,

You eniue mine aduancement and my friends,

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue neede of you,

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,  
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility  
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions  
Are dayly giuen to enoble these  
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raise me to this carefull height,  
From that contented hap which I enjoyd,  
I neuer did offense his Maiesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene  
An earnest aduocate to prade for him.  
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury,  
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,  
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ri. She may my Lord,

Glo. She may, L. Rivers, why who knowes not so?  
She may do more six then denying that:  
She may leipe you to many preferments,  
And then deny her ayding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.

Ri. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King  
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.  
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue to long borne  
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes  
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,  
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.  
I had rather be a counry seruant maid,  
Then a Queene with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, corned, and baited at,  
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter Qu. Margaret.

Qu. Mar. And lesued be that small, God I beseech thee,  
Thy honour state and seat is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?  
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,  
I will auouch in presence of the King:  
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,  
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewkesburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,  
A weeder out of his proud aduertaries,  
A liberall rewarder of his friends:  
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thins

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,  
Were factious for the house of Lankaster:  
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband  
In Margrets battaile at Saint Albons slaine:  
Let me put in your mind, if yours longer,  
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:  
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so fill thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwick,  
Yea and forswore himselfe (which lesu pardon)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,  
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is mewd vp:  
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,  
Or Edwards soft and pittiful like mine,  
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,  
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie dayes,  
Which here you vige to proue vs enemies,  
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull King,  
So should we now if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar,  
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this countries King,  
As little ioy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof,  
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,  
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.

O. M.

C

I can

I can no longer hold me patient.  
 Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,  
 I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:  
 Which of you trembles not that looke on me?  
 If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,  
 Yet that by you disposd, you quake like reabls:  
 O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

*Glo.* Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?

*Qu. Ma.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,  
 That will I make, before I let thee goe:  
 A husband and a sonne thou owelt vnto me,  
 And thou asking dome, all of you alleagence:  
 The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,  
 And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father layd one thee,  
 When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,  
 And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,  
 And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout  
 steep in the blood of pritty *Rasland*:

His curses then from bitteresse of soule,  
 venounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,  
 and God, nor we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.

*Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
 and the most mercilesse that ever was heard of.

*Ri.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

*Dorf.* No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

*Buc Northumberland* then present, wept to see it.

*Qu. Ma.* What? were you snarling all before I came,  
 ready to catch each other by the throat,  
 and turne you now your hatred now one me?

Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile somuch with heauen,

at *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,

their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,

ould all but answer for that pecuifh brat?

Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;

why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:

not by warre, by surfet die your King.

ours by murder to make him a King.

*Edward* my sonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,  
 For *Edward* my son, which was a Prince of *Wales*,  
 Die in his youth by like vntimely violencees,  
 Thy selfe a *Queene*, for me that was a *Queene*,  
 Outliue thy glory, like my wretched selfe.  
 Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,  
 And see another, as I see thee now  
 Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:  
 Long die thy happy dayes before thy death,  
 And after many lengthened houres of grieffe,  
 Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* *Queene*,  
*Riuer* and *Dorset*, you were standers by,  
 And so was thou Lord *Hastings*, when my soone  
 Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,  
 That none of you may liue your naturall age,  
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

*Glo.* Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag?

*Qu. Ma.* And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare  
 If heauen haue any greuous plague in store,  
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:  
 O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,  
 And then hurle downe their indignation  
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:  
 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,  
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,  
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,  
 No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,  
 Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame  
 Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,  
 Thou eluifh markt, abortiue rooting hog,  
 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie  
 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,  
 Thou flander of thy mothers heauy womb,  
 Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,  
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

*Glo. Margret.*

*Qu. Ma. Richard.*

*Glo. Ha.*

*Qu. Ma.* I call the not.

*Glo.* Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought

The Tragicke

thou hast cald me all these bitter names.

*Qu. Mar.* Why so I did, but look for no reply:  
O let me make the period to my curie.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.

Thus haue you breathed your curie against your selfe.

*Qu. Ma.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my face,  
Why strewst thou iugar one that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web intwareth thee about?  
Foolle foolle thou whettst a knife to kill thy selfe,  
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,  
To helpe thee curie that poisoned bunch backe toade,

*Hast.* False bottling woman, end thy frantick curie,  
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

*Qu. M.* Foule blame vpon you, you haue all in you a mine  
*Ri.* Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

*Qu. Ma.* To serue me well, you should doe me duty,  
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my subjects:  
Obserue me well and teach your selues that dutie.

*Dors.* Dispute not with her she is lunatique.

*Qu. Ma.* Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,  
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobility could iudge,  
What 't were to loose it and be miserable?  
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall they dash them to peeces.

*Glo.* Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse.

*Dors.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the Cadars top,  
And dallies with the winde and scornes the sunne.

*Qu. Ma.* And turues the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,  
Witness my sunne now in the shade of death,  
Whose bright ouershining beames, thy cloudy wrath,  
Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp.  
Your aery buildeth in our aeries nest.

O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

*Buck.* Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

*Qu. M.* Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,

of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.

*Buck.* Haue done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,  
In signe of league and amity with thee:  
Now fare befall thee and thy Princely house,  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compasse of my curie.

*Buck.* Nor none heere for curses neuer passe  
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

*Qu. Mar.* Hee nor belecue but they assend the skie,  
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,

Looke when he faunes he bites, and when he bites,

His verome tooth will rangle thee to death,

Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him.

And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say my Lord of *Buckingham*?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

*Qu. Mar.* What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-  
And looth the thutell that I warne thee from?

O but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poore *Margret* was a Prophetesse:

Liue each of you, the subject of his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

*Hast.* My haire doth stand an end to heere her curses.

*Ri.* And so doth mine, I wonder shes at liberty?

*Glo.* I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof that I haue done.

*Hast.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,

I was too hot to doe some body good,

That is to cold in thinking one it now:

Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repaid,

The Tragedy

He is frankt vp to sitting for his paines,  
God pardon them that are the cause of it,

*Rm.* A vertuous and Christian like conclusion,  
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

*Glo* So doe I euer being well aduised,  
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

*Cat.* Maddam his Maiesty doth call for you :  
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.

*Qu.* *Cat.* by we come, Lords will you goe with vs.

*R.* Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Glo.*

*Glo.* I doe thee wrong, and first began to braul,  
The secret mischiefe that I set abroach,  
I lay vnto the greevous charge of others :

*Clarence*, whome I indeede haue laid in darkenesse :  
I doe be weepe to many simple gulls :

Namely to Hastings, Darby Buckingham,  
And say it is the Queene, and her allies.

That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother,  
Now they belecue me, and withall wet me

To bee reuenged one *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.

But then sigh, and with a peece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :

And thus I cloath my naked villany  
With old od ends, stolen out of holy writ,

And seeme a S. when most I play the diuell.  
But soft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*

How now, my hardly stout resolved mates,  
Are yea not going to dispatch this deed ?

*Exc.* We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,  
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place :

But first, be suddaine in the execution :  
Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,

For *Clarens* is well spoken, and perhaps  
May mooue your hearts to pity if you marke him.

*Exc.* Tush, feare not, my Lord we will not stant to prate,  
Talkers are no good doers be assured :

We come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

of Richard the Third.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop milstones, when fooles eies drop teares,  
I like you Lads, about your businesse. *Exunt*

*Enter Clarence Brokenbury.*

*Bro.* Why lookes your Grace so heaualy to day ?

*Cl.* O I haue past a miserable night,  
So full of vgly sights, of gasty dreames :

That as I am a Christian faithfull man,  
I would not spend another such a night,

Though t were to by a world of happy dayes,  
So full of dismall terrour was the time.

*Bro.* What was your dreame ? I long to heare you tell it.

*Cl.* Me thought I was imbarkt for burgundy,

And in my company my brother *Glocester*,

Who from my cabben tempted me to walke

Vpon the hatches there he lookes toward *England*,

And cited up a thousand fearefull times,

During the warres of *Torke* and *Lancaster*,

That had befallen vs : as we past along,

Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,

Me thought that *Glocester* stumbled and in stumbling

Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer boord

Into the tumbling billowes of the maine :

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to crowne,

What dredfull noyse of water in mine eares,

What a sight of death within mine eyes :

Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,

Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,

Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heapes of pearle,

nestimable stones, vnvalued iewels,

ome lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes

where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

as if it twere in scorne of eyes, reflecting gems,

which wade the slimie bottome of the deepe,

and makt the dead bones that lay scatered by.

*Brok.* Had you such leasure in the time of death,

to gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe ?

*Cl.* Me thought I had : for still the enuious flood

cept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,

to keepe the empty, vast, and wandring ayre,



The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brok.* A wakt y. u not with this f. ve agonie?

*Clar.* O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,  
O then began the tempest of my soule,

Who past (me through) the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,  
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:

The first that there did greete my stranger soule,

Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,

Who cried aloud, what scourge for penury

Can this darke monarchie afford false *Clarence*?

And so he vanished: Then came wandering by,

A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,

Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a lo d

*Clarence* is come, false, fleeting, perfur'd *Clarence*?

That stabd me in the field at *Tewksbury*:

Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,

With that me thought a legion of foule feinds

Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,

Such bidious cries, that with the very noise,

I trembling wakt, and for a season after,

Could not beleene but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made the dreame.

*Brok.* No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,

I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.

*Cla.* O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,

Which now beare euidence against my soule,

For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:

I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,

My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.

*Brok.* I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,

Sorrow breakes seasons, and repesing howres

Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.

Princes haue but their title for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toyle;

And for vnfelt imaginations,

They often feele a world of restlesse cares:

So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

Of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*The murderers enter.*

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

*Exe.* I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on

*Bro.* Yea, are ye so brieft? my legs,

*2. Exe.* O sir, it is better to be brieft then tedious,

Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*

*Bro.* I am in this commanded to deliuer

the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,

I will not reason what is meant thereby

Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:

Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe.

Ile to his maiesty and certifie his Grace,

That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

*Exe.* Do so it is apoynt of wisdom.

*2.* What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

*1.* Noe then he will say twas done cowardly

When he wakes.

*2.* When he wakes,

Why foole he shall neuer wake till the Iudgement day.

*1.* Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.

*2.* The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred

A kinde of remorse in me.

*1.* What art afraid?

*2.* Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be demand

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

*1.* Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.

*2.* I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx.

*1.* How doest thou feele thy selfe now? (me

*2.* Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within

*1.* Remember our reward when the deede is done,

*2.* Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

*1.* Where is thy conscience now?

*2.* In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.

*1.* So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.

*2.* Let it goe ther's few or none will entertaine it.

*1.* How if it come to thee againe?

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,  
It makes a man a coward, A man cannot steale,  
But it accuse th him, he cannot steale but it checks him:  
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects,  
Him, it is a blushing shammfull spirite that mutinies  
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,  
It made me once restore a peece of gold that I found.  
It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turnd out of all  
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing and euery  
Man that means to liue well, and endeauours to, will  
To himselfe, and liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perswading me  
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the diuill in thy minde, and belecue him not,  
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. Tut I am strong in fraud he cannot preuaile with me,  
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,  
Come shall we to this geare?

1. Take him euer the costard with the hilt of my sword,  
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey, but in the next

2. Oh excellent deuice, make a soppce of him.

1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him.

*Cl.* Where art thou keeper, giue mee a cup of wine.

1. You shall haue wine enough, my Lord anone.

*Cl.* in Gods name what art thou?

2. A man, as you are.

*Cl.* But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as wee are loyall.

*Cl.* Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

*Cl.* How darkely and how deadly doest thou speake?

Tell me, who are you? wherefore came you hither?

*Am.* To, to, to.

*Cl.* To murder me? *Am. I.*

*Cl.* You scarce haue the heart to tell mee so,  
And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it,  
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

I. Offended

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.  
*Cl.* I shall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.  
*Cl.* Are you cald forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? what is my offence?  
Where are the euidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest hath giuen their verdict vp  
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronoun'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,  
Before I be conuict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:  
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,

By Christs deare blood shed for our greuous sinnes,  
That you depart and lay no hand one mee,

The deede you vnder take is damnable,  
1. What wee will doe, we doe vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded vs is the King.  
*Cl.* Erroneous vassaile, the great King of Kings,

Haue in his Table of his Law commanded,  
That thou shalt doe no murders, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?  
Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.  
2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too?  
Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament,

To fight the quarrel of the house of Lancaster.  
1. And like a traitor to the name of God,

didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade  
Vnript the bowels of thy Soneraignes sonne,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.  
1. How canst thou vige Gods dreadfull Law to vs,

When thou hast brooke it in so deere degree?  
*Cl.* Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
Why stirs he tends you not to murder me for this,

For in this sin he is as deepe as I,  
If God will be reuenged for this deede,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme;

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,  
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,  
The Princly Nouice was strooke dead by thee.

*Cl.* My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,  
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,  
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cl.* Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,  
I am his brother and I loue him well:  
If you be hirde for neede goe backe againe,  
And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiued your brother *Glocester* hates you.  
*Cl.* Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,  
Goyou to him from me.

*Am.* I so we will.  
*Cl.* Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,  
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:  
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,  
He little thought of this diuided friendship.

Bid *Glocester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,  
*Am.* I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,  
*Cl.* O, doe not slander him for he is kind.

1. Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,  
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cl.* It cannot be: for when I parted with him  
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs  
That he would labour my deliuary.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee  
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,

1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

*Cl.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,  
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God, for mnrdring me?  
Ah sit consider he thar set you on  
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What

2. What shall we doe?  
*Cl.* Relent, and saue your soules.

1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.  
*Cl.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.

My friends I spie some pittie in yous lookes;  
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou one my side and intreete for me:  
A begging Prince what beggar pitties not?

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*  
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2. A bloody deed and desperatly performd,  
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hand,  
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.

1. W by doest thou not helpe me?  
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art,

2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,  
Take thou the fee and tell him what I say,  
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.  
Now must I hide his body in some hole,  
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:  
And when I haue my meed I must away,  
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.*

*King.* So now I haue done a good dayes worke,  
Your Peares continue the vnited league,  
I euery day expect an Embassage  
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,  
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth,  
*Riuers* and *Hasting*, take each others hand,  
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

*Ri.* By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,  
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

*Hast.* So thriue I as I sweare the like.

*King.* Take heede you dally not before your King,  
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,  
Confound your hidden falshood, and award  
Either of you to bee the others end.

D. U. 8

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect loue.  
*Ri.* And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.  
*Kin.* Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,  
 Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,  
 You haue bene factious one against the other,  
 Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,  
 And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.  
*Qu.* Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember  
 Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.  
*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,  
 Vpon my part shall be vniuolable.  
*Ha.* And so I swear my Lord.  
*Kin.* Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,  
 With thy embracement to my wines allies,  
 And make me hapy in his vinity.  
*Buc.* When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate  
 On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue  
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee  
 With hate, in those where I expect most loue,  
 When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.  
 And most assured that he is a friend,  
 Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile  
 Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,  
 When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.  
*Kin.* A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,  
 Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart  
 There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,  
 to make the perfect period of this peace.  
*Enter Glocester.*  
*Buc.* And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,  
*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene  
 And princely peares, a happy time of day.  
*Kin.* Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,  
 Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:  
 Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,  
 Betweene these swelling wrong incensed peeres.  
*Glo.* A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,  
 Amongst this princely heape, if any here  
 By false intelgence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,  
 Haue thought committed that is hardly borne  
 By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace,  
 Tis death to mee to be at enmity,  
 I hate it and desire all good mens loue.  
 First Maddam I intreat peace of you,  
 Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.  
 Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,  
 If euer any grudge were lodgd betweene vs,  
 Of you my Lord *Rimers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,  
 That all without desert haue found on me,  
 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:  
 I do not know that Englishman aliue,  
 With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,  
 More then the infant that is borne to night:  
 I thanke my God for my humility,  
*Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept heereafter,  
 I would to God all strife were well compounded,  
 My soueraigne leige I do beseech your maiesty  
 To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.  
*Glo.* Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,  
 To be thus scornd in this royall presence?  
 Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?  
 You doe him iniury to scorne his coarfe. (he is?)  
*Ri.* Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes  
*Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a world is this?  
*Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?  
*Dor.* I my good Lord and noone in this presence  
 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.  
*Kin.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerted.  
*Glo.* But He poore soule by our first order dide,  
 And that a winged Mercury did beare,  
 Some tardy creeple bore the couuntermaund,  
 That came too lagge to see him buried:  
 God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,  
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:  
 Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,  
 And yet goe currant from suspicion.

Enter Darby.

Dar.

*Dar.* A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,  
*Kin.* I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorow.  
*Dar.* I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt,  
*Kin.* Then speake at once what it is thou demandest?  
*Dar.* The forfeit (foueraigne) of my seruants life,  
 Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman  
 Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.  
*Kin.* Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,  
 And shall the same giue pardone to a slaue;  
 My brother flew no man his fault was thought,  
 And yet his punishment was cruell death.  
 Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,  
 Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduisde?  
 Who spake of brother-hood who of loue?  
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake  
 The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?  
 Who told me in the field at *Tewabury*,  
 When *Oxford* had me downe, he rescued me,  
 And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?  
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,  
 Frozen almost to death, how he lapped me,  
 Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe  
 All thin and naked to the numb could night?  
 All this from my remembrance brutisha wrath  
 Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you  
 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.  
 But when your carters or your wayting vassailes  
 Haue done adrunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious Image of our deare redeemer,  
 You straight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,  
 And I vniustly too, must graunt it you.  
 But for my brother not a man would speake,  
 Nor I (vngratious) speake vnto my selfe,  
 For him poore soule: the proudest one you all  
 Haue beene beholding to him in his life:  
 Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:  
 Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take holde  
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.  
 Come *Hastings* helpe mee to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*

*Glo.* This is the fruit of rawnesse: marke you not  
 How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,  
 Lockt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:  
 Oh, they did urge it still vnto the King,  
 God will reuenge it. But come lets in  
 To comfort *Edward* with our company. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.*

*Boy.* Tell me good *Granam*, is our Father dead?

*Dut.* No Boy. (breast?)

*Boy.* Why doe you wring your hands and beat your  
 And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne?

*Girl.* Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head?  
 And call vs wretched, Orphanes, castawaies,  
 If that our noble father be aliue?

*Dut.* My pritty, Cosens you mistake me much,  
 I do lament the sicknesse of the King:  
 As loth to loose him now your fathers dead:  
 It were lost labour to weepe for one that is lost.

*Boy.* Then *Granam* you conclude that he is dead,  
 The King my vncl is too blame for this:  
 God will reuenge it, whom I will importune  
 With dayly prayers all to that effect.

*Dut.* Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,  
 Incapable and shallow innocents,  
 You cannot gesse who caused your fathers death.

*Boy.* *Granam*, we cas: for my good *Vncl Gloucester*  
 Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,  
 Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:  
 And when he told me so he wept,  
 And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kist my cheekes,  
 And bad me relie on him as one my father,  
 And he would ioue me dearely as his childe.

*Dut.* Oh that deuce should steale such gentle shapes,  
 And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,  
 He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:  
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deccite.

*Boy.* Thinke you my *Vncl* did disseble, *Granam*?

*Dut.* I Boy.

*Boy.* I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyse is this?

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,  
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?  
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,  
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatiencie?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,  
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.  
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd  
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?  
If you will liue, lament: if die be brieve:  
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,  
Or like obedient subiects, follow him  
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,

As I had title in my noble husband:

I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,

And liu'd by looking on his image:

But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,

Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,

And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,

Which grieues me when I see my shame in him;

Thou art a widow yet thou art a mother,

And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

But death hath snatched my children from mine armes,

And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,

Edward, and Clarence, O what cause haue I

Then, being but moiety of my selfe,

To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you weept not for my fathers death,

How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnamoand,

Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth laments,

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I being gouern'd by the watry moone,

May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:

Oh my husband for my heire Lord Edward,

Of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence,

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and is he gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but Clarence, and is he gone?

Dut. What stay had I but they and they are gone?

Qu. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse:

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deere a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse

Alas I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:

She for Edward weepes, and so do I:

I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weepe and so do I:

I for an Edward weepe, and so doe they,

Alas, you three on me three-fould distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Gloucester

Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause wish others

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.

Maddam my mother I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to die a good old man:

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,

I maruaile why her grace did leaue it out?

Buc. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares,

That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,

Now cheare each others in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lastly splinted, knit, and ioyn'd together,

Must greatly be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept,

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to London to be cround our King.

*Glo.* Then be it so: and goe wee to determine  
who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow?  
Maddam and you my mother will you goe,  
To giue your sentures in this weighty businaesse.

*Ans.* With all our hearts.

*Buc.* My Lord, who euer Iourneyes to the Prince,  
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:  
For by the way Ile sort occasion,

As index to the story we lately talkt off,  
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,

*Glo.* My other selfe, my counsels confistory  
My Oracle, my prophēt, my deere Cousen:  
I like a child will goe by thy direction:  
Towards Ludlow then for we will not stay behinde.

*Enter two Citizens.*

1. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1. Heare you the newes abroad?

2. I, that the King is dead.

1. Bat newes birlady, seldome comes better,

I feare, I feare twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another.*

3. *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hould of good King Edwards death?

1. It doth. 3. Then masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.

3. Wo to that land thars governd by a childe.

2. In him there is hope of gouernment,

That in his sonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full ripened yeares, him selfe,  
No doubt shall shen, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the case when Harry the sixt  
was crown'd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.

3. Stood the state so; no good my friend not so.

For then this land was famously in icht  
With politicke graue counsell: then the King  
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.

2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3. Better it were they all came by the father,  
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be earnest,  
Which touch vs all too neere if God preuent not

Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,

And the Queenes kindred haughtie and proude,

And were they to be rulde, and not rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

2. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well,

3. When clouds appeare, wise men put one their cokes.

When greate leaues fall, the winter is at hand:

When the sunne sers who doth not looke for night:

Vntimely stormes make them expect a dearth:

All men be well: but if God sort it so,

Tis more then we deserue, or I expect,

1. 7 ruly the soules of men are full of dread:

Yea cannot almost reason with a man

That lookes not heavy and full of feare.

3. Before the time of change, still is it so:

By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust

Ensuing dangers as by prooffe we see,

The waters swell before a boystrous storme:

But leaue it all to God: whether away?

2. We are sent for to the Iustice.

3. And so was I, ile beare you company.

*Enter Cardinals, Duches of Yorke, Qu. young Yorke.*

*Car.* Last night I heare they lay at Nothampton,

At stony-strat-ford will they be to night,

To morrow or next day will they be heare.

*Duc.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince,

I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

*Qu.* But I heere no they say my sonne of Yorke

Hath ouertane him in growth.

*Yor.* I mother, but I would not haue it so.

*Duc.* Why my yong cousen it is good to grow.

*Yor.* Gramam, on night as we did sit at supper,

My vncle *Rivers* talkt how I did grow

More then my brother, I quoth my Vncle *Glo.*

Small earbs haue grace, great weeds grow a pace:

And since me thinks I would not grow so fast,

Because sweete flowers, are slow, and weedes make hast.

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,  
So long a growing and so leafully,  
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.

*Car.* Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.

*Dut.* I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.

*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembered,  
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout,  
That should haue neuer toucht his growth then he did.

*Dut.* How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.

*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,  
I was full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

*Granam*, this would haue beene a pritty iest.

*Dut.* I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?

*Yor.* *Granam*, his Nurse.

*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.

*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Qu.* A perikous boy: go too thou art too shrewd.

*Car.* Good Maddam be not angry with the child.

*Qu.* Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset*

*Car.* Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,

What newes Lord Marques?

*Dor.* Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

*Qu.* How fares the Prince?

*Dor.* Well Madam, and in health:

*Dut.* What is the newes then?

*Dor.* Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,

With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

*Dut.* Who hath committed them?

*Dor.* The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.

*Car.* For what offence?

*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:

Why or for what these Nobles were committed,

Is all vnkowne to me, my gracious Lady.

*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downfall of our House,

The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:

Insulting tyranny begins to iet.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:  
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,  
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

*Dut.* Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,  
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crowne,

And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,  
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,

And being seated, and domesticke broyles  
Cleane ouerblowne, themselves the conquerous,

Make war vpon themselves, blood against blood,

Selse against selse, O preposterous  
And frankticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,

Or let me die to looke on death no more.

*Qu.* Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary:

*Dut.* Ile goe along with you.

*Qu.* You haue no cause.

*Car.* My gracious Lady, go.

And thither beare your treasure and your goods.

For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grace,

The Scale I keepe, and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all yours:

Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

*Exeunt.*

*The Trumpets sound Enter young prince, Duke of  
Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinal, &c.*

*Buc.* Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome sweete Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prin.* No Vncle, but our crosses one the way.

Haue made it tedious, wearisome and heauy,

I want more Vncles heere to welcome me:

*Glo.* Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,

Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:

Nor more can you distinguish of a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,

Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:

Those vncles which you want were dangerous,

Your grace attended to their sugred words,

But looke not on the poyson of their hearts:



God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

*Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

*Enter Lord Maire.*

*Lo. M.* God blesse your Grace, with health and happy

*Prin.* I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way.

Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no, *Enter L. Hast.*

*Buc.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord,

*Prin.* Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I:

The Queene, your mother, and your brother *Yorke*

Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meete your Grace:

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course

Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace

Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*

Vnto his Princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,

And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.

*Car.* My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*

Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde intreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.

*Buc.* You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonius and Traditionall:

Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,

You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwayes granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,

You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuay men,

But sanctuary children neuer till now.

*Car.* My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?

Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

*Hast.* I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*

*Prin.* Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:

Say Vncle *Glocester*, if our brother come,

Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?

*Glo.* Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:

If I may counsell you some day or two

Your highnosse shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please as shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation,

*Prin.* I doe not like the Tower of any place,

Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place my Lord?

*Buc.* He did my gracious Lord begin that place,

Which since succeding ages haue redified.

*Prin.* Is it vpon record or else reported

Successiuelly from age to age hee built it?

*Buc.* Vpon record my gracious Lord.

*Prin.* But say my Lord it were not registerd,

Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,

As twere retaild to all posteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

*Glo.* So wise, so young, they say do neuer liue long.

*Prin.* What say you Vncle?

*Glo.* I say with out Characters fame liues long:

That like the formall vice, iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prin.* That *Iulius Caesar* was a famous man,

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set downe to make his valour liue:

Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,

For now he liues in fame, though not in life:

He tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham*,

*Buc.* What my gracious Lord?

*Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a man.

The Tragedie

He winne our ancient right in France againe,  
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King,

*Glo.* Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

*Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.*

*Buc.* Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Prin.* Richard of Yorke how fares our noble brother:

*Yor.* Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

*Prin.* I brother to our grieffe, as it is yours:

Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,

Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,

*Glo.* How fares our cousen noble Lo. of Yorke.

*Yor.* I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,

You said that Id'e weeds are fast in growth;

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

*Glo.* He hath my Lord.

*Yor.* and therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.

*Yor.* Then he is more beholding to you then I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

*Yor.* I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger little cousen with all my heart.

*Prin.* A begger brother?

*Yor.* Of my kind vncle that I know will giue

And being but a toy which is no gife, to giue,

*Glo.* A greater gife then that I'll giue my cousen.

*Yor.* A greater gife, O thats the sword too it.

*Glo.* I gentle cousen were it light enough.

*Yor.* O then I see you will part but with light gifts.

In weightier things you'll say a beeger may.

*Glo.* It is to weighty for your grace to weare.

*Yor.* I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

*Glo.* What would you haue my weapon little Lo.

*Yor.* I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

*Glo.* How? Yor, Little.

*Prin.* My Lo. of Yorke will still bee crosse in talke:

Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

*Yor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with mee.

Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.  
He thinks that you should beare me one your shoulders,

*Buc.* With what a sharpe prouided wit hee reasons,

To mitigate the scorne hee giue his vncle,

He pretely and aptly raunts himselfe:

So cunning: and so young is wonderfull.

*Glo.* My Lo. wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,

Will to your mother, to intreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*Yor.* What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?

*Prin.* My Lord protector will haue it so.

*Yor.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why what should you feare?

*Yor.* My Marty my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:

My Granam told me he was murdered there.

*Prin.* I feare no vnckles dead,

*Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.

*Prin.* And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare.

But come my L. with a heauy heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

*Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Hast, Dor. maner, Bish, Buc.*

*Buc.* Thinke you my Lo, this little prating Yorke,

Was not incenced by his subtile mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perious boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

He is all the mothers from the top to the toe,

*Buc.* Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,

For the instalment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

*Car.* He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wone to ough against him.

*Buc.* What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

*Cat.* He will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.  
*Buc.* Well when no more but this:  
 Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,  
 Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected,  
 Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,  
 Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:  
 If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,  
 Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,  
 And giue vs notice of his inclination,  
 For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,  
 Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.  
*Glo.* Commend me to *Lo. William*, tell him *Catesby*  
 His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries  
 To morow are let blood at *Pomsfret* Castle,  
 And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,  
 Giue gentle *M<sup>rs</sup> Shore* one gentle kisse the more.  
*Buc.* Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.  
*Cat.* My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.  
*Glo.* Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee sleepe?  
*Cat.* You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*  
*Glo.* At *Crosby* place, there shall you finde vs both.  
*Buc.* Now my Lord what shall we doe if we perceiue  
*William* Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?  
*Glo.* Chop off his head man, somewhat we will doe,  
 And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee  
 The Earledome of *Herford* and the mooucables,  
 Whereof the King my brother stood possesse.  
*Buc.* Ile claime that promise at your hands.  
*Glo.* And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse,  
 Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards  
 we may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.*  
*Mess.* What ho my Lord.  
*Hast.* Who knocks at the doore?  
*Mess.* A messenger from the Lord *Stanley.* *Enter Lo. Hast.*  
*Hast.* Whats a clocke?  
*Mess.* Vpon the stroke of foure.  
*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious nights?  
*Mess.* So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.  
*Hast.* And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word,  
 He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:  
 Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,  
 And that many be determined at the one,  
 Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,  
 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure  
 If presently you will take horse with him,  
 And with all speedy post into the North,  
 To shun the danger that his soule diuines.  
*Hast.* Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord:  
 Bid him not feare the separated counsels:  
 His honour and my selfe are at the one,  
 And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:  
 Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,  
 Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.  
 Tell him his feares are shallow wanting instancy.  
 And for his dreames I wonder he is so fond,  
 To trust the mockery of quiet slumbers.  
 To flie the Boare before the Boare pursues vs,  
 Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,  
 And make pursuite where he did meane to chafe:  
 Go bid thy master rise and come to me,  
 And wee will both together to the Tower,  
 Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly,  
*Mess.* My gracious Kord Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*  
*Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.*  
*Cat.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.  
*Hast.* Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,  
 What newes, what newes in this our tottering state?  
*Cat.* It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,  
 And I beleue twill neuer stand vpright  
 Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Reme:  
*Hast.* Who? weare the Garland? doest thou meane the  
*Cat.* I my good Lord. (Crowne?  
*Hast.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul- (ders,  
 Ere I will see the crowne so toyle misplaite:  
 But canit thou gesse that he doth meane at it?  
*Cat.* Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine there of,  
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:  
That this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queene, must die at *Pomfret*.

*Hast.* Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,  
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:  
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,  
To barre my masters haire in true dissent,  
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde,

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,  
That they who brought me to my masters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

*Hast.* Fre a Fort-night make me elder,  
Ile send some packing that yet thinke not one it.

*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord  
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out  
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doo  
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe  
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare  
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,  
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they doe and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?  
Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:  
You may see one, but by the holy Rood,  
I doe not like these seuerall counsels:

*Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,  
And neuer in my life I doe protest,  
Was it more precious to me then it is now,  
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as, I am?

*Stan.* The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,  
Were iocund, and suppoide their states was sure,

of Richard the Third.

And indeede had no cause to mistrust:  
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,  
This suddain scab of rancor I misdoubt,  
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse coward,  
But come my Lord shall we to the Tower?

*Hast.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?  
This day thole men you talke of are beheaded.

*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,  
Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:  
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*

*Hast.* Go you before Ile follow presently.

*Enter Hastings a Pursuant.*

*Hast.* Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?

*Pur.* The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?

*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,  
Then when I met thee last where now wee meete.

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the *Queenes* alies:

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)  
This day those enemyes are put to death,

And I in better state then euer I was.

*Pur.* God hold it to your Honour's good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

*He giues him his purse.*

*Pur.* God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

*Hast.* What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

*Enter Buckingham. (in his eare.*

*Buc.* How now Lord *Chamberlaine*, what talking with a

Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Priest. *(Priest.*

Your Honour hath no striuing worke in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Thole men you talke of, came into my minde:

What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

*Buc.* I do, but long I shall not stay,

I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

*Hast.* Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.

*Buc.* And supper too although tooo knowest it not?

Come.

Come shall wee goe along

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers*

*Gray and Vaughan, prisoners,*

*Rat.* Come bring for h the prisoners.

*Riu.* Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:

To day thou shalt behoid a subiect die,

For truth for duty and for loyalty.

*Gray.* God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Riu.* O *Pomfret, Pomfret.* O thou bloody prison,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:

Within the guilty closure of thy walles

*Richard* the second heere was hackt to death:

And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,

We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

*Gray.* Now *Margrets* curse it false vpou our heads,

For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

*Riu.* Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,

Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my suster and her princely sonne:

Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.

Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

*Riu.* Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace

And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why wee are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say when is this royall day?

*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

*Buc.* Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* miade herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? his mind.

*Bish.* Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the Cotonation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered

His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my L. may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,

Which I presume he will take in good part.

*Bish.* Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* My noble L. and couens all good morrow,

I haue beene long a sleepe, but now I hope

My absence doth negle& no great designes,

Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,

*William L. Hastings* had now pronounst your part:

I meane your voyce from crowning of the King.

*Glo.* Then my L. *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of *Elie*.

*Bish.* My Lord.

*Glo.* When I was last in Holborne,

I saw good strawberies in your garden there,

I dee beseech you send for some of them.

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Coufen *Buckingham*, a word with you:

*Catesby* hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,

And findes the testy gentleman so hote,

As he will loofe his head ere giue consent,

His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it.

Shall loofe the royaltie of *Englands* throane.

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

*Dar.* We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.

To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:

For I my selfe am not so well prouided,

As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.*

(berries.

*Bish.* Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue sent for these straw-

G

*Hast.*

The Trageate

*Hast.* His grace lookes cherefully and smooth to day,  
Thers some conceite or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,  
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,  
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then hee:  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Dar.* What of his heart perceiue you in his face,  
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

*Hast.* Marry that with no man here he is offended,  
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.

*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I say.

*Enter Glocester.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, what do they deserue  
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild  
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

*Hast.* The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,  
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:  
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the wirnesse of this ill,  
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme  
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.  
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,  
Conforted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,  
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.

*Hast.* If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

*Glo.* If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet,  
Telst thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.  
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,  
I will not dine to day I swere,  
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*

*Hast.* Wo, wo, for England, not a whit for me. *Ca* with *Hast.*  
For I too fond might haue preuented this:  
*Stanley* did dreame the boare did race his helme,  
But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie,  
Three times to day my footcloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

Of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house,  
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spake to me,  
I now repent I told the Pursuant,  
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,  
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour,  
Oh *Margret, Margret*: now thy heauie curse  
Is lightened on poore *Hastings* wretched head.  
*Car.* Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would bee at dinner:  
Make a short shrift he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary state of worldly men,  
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:  
Who builds his hopes in the aire of your faire lookes,  
Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,  
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe  
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.  
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead

*Exeunt*

*Enter Duke of Glocester, and Buckingham, in armour.*

*Glo.* Come coulen, canst thou quake & change thy colour  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin againe and stop againe,  
As if thou wert distraught and madd with terror,

*Buc.* Tut feare not me,  
I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian,  
Speake and looke backe and pric on euery side;  
Intending deepe suspition gattly lookes  
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,  
And both are ready in their offices

To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior,*

*Glo.* Here comes the maior.

*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord maior

*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.

*Buc.* The reason we haue sent for you.

*Glo.* *Catesby* ouer looke the walles.

*Buc.* Marke, I heare a drumme,

*Glo.* Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buc.* God and our innocency defend vs

*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

The Tragedie

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Heere is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:  
Iooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,  
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:  
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded  
The History of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,  
That his apparent open guilt omitted:  
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,  
He laid from all arrainder of suspect.

Buc. Well, well, he was the couertst sheldred traitor  
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,  
Or almost beleue, were it not by great preseruacion  
We liue to tell it you? the subtile traitor  
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,  
To murder me and my good Lord Gloucester.

Ma. What had he for?

Glo. What thinke ye, we are Turkes or Infidels,  
Or that wee should against the course of Law,  
Proceede thus rashly to the villaines death,  
But that the extreame perrill of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons safety  
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,  
And you my good L. both haue well proceeded,  
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:  
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistris Shore,  
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,  
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,  
Which now the longing hast of these our friends  
Some what against our meaning haue prevented,  
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard  
The traitor speake, and timorously confesse  
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,  
That you might well haue signified the same.

of Richard the Third.

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may  
Miscensure vs in him, and waile his death.

Ma. My good L. your gracious word shall serue,  
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:  
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,  
But Ile acquaint your durious Citizens  
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish your Lordship here,  
To auoyd the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,  
Yet witness what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after counsen Buckingham. Exit Maior.  
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,  
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,

Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his sonne  
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,  
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxury,  
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,  
Which stretcht to their seruants, daughters, wiues,  
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,  
Without controule listd to make his prey: won  
Nay for a need thus sarre come neare my person,

Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Or that vntill Edward, noble Yorke,  
My princely father then had warrs in France,

And by iust computation of the time,  
Found, that the issue was not his begot,  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:  
But touch this sparingly as it were sarre off,  
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.

Buc. Feare not my Lord, Ile play the Orator  
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,  
Were for my selfe,

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,  
Where you shall finde me well accompanied



The Tragedie

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

*Buc.* About three or foure a clocke looke to heare  
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

*Glo.* Now will I in to take some priuie order  
To draw the Brates of *Clarence*, out of sight, *(Ex. Buc.)*  
And to giue notice that no manner of person  
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes.

*Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.*  
This is the indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,  
Which in a set hand fauely is ingross'd,  
That it may be this day red ouer in Pauls:  
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,  
Eleuen houres I spent to writ it ouer,  
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,  
The president was full as long a dooing,  
And yet within these fiue houres liu'd Lord *Hastings*:  
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:  
Here's a good world the while, Why who's so grosse  
That sees not this palpable deuiſe?  
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?  
Bad is the world and all will come to nought,  
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought: *Exit.*

*Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.*

*Glo.* How now my Lord what sayes the Citizens?

*Buc.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word.

*Glo.* Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?

*Buc.* I did: with the insatiat greedinesse of his desires,

His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,

As being got your father then in *France*:

Withall I did inferre your lineaments,

Being the right Idea of your father:

Both in forme and noblenesse of minde:

Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:

Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:

Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:

Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose

Vntouch't or sleightly handled in discourse:

And when my oratory grew to end,

of Richard the Third.

Ibad them that loues their Countries good,  
Cry God saue *Richard* Englands royall King.

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buc.* No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,  
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them:

And askt the Maior what meanes this wilful silence?

His answer was the people were not wont  
To be spooke too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrge to tell my tale againe:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:  
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne  
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,

And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*

Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisdom and your loue to *Richard*:

And so brake off and came away.

*Glo.* what tonguelesse blockes were they, would they not

*Buc.* No by my troth my Lord, *(speake?)*

*Glo.* Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?

*Buc.* The Mayer is heere: and intend some feare,

Be not spoken withall, but with mighty sute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:

Be not easie wonne to our request:

Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

*Glo.* Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.

*Buc.* you shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads, *Ex*

Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby*

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes hee?

*Car.* My Lord he doth intreat your grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He



He is within and two reverend Fathers,  
 Divinely bent to meditation,  
 And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,  
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buc.* Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,  
 Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,  
 In deepe designs and matters of great moment,  
 No lesse importing then our generall good,  
 Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

*Cat.* He tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*

*Buc.* A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*:  
 He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,  
 But on his knees at meditation:  
 Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,  
 But meditating with two deepe Diuines:  
 Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,  
 But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,  
 Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince  
 Take on himselfe the souerainety thereon,  
 But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

*Ma.* Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Buc.* I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,  
 What sayes your Lord?

*Cat.* My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled  
 Such troopes of Citizens to speake with him,  
 His grace not being warnd thereof before:  
 My lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

*Buc.* Sory I am my noble-cousen should  
 Suspect me that I meane no good to him,  
 By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,  
 And so once more returne and tell his grace:  
 When holy and deuout religious men,  
 Are at their beads, tis hard to daw them hence,  
 So sweete is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Rich, and two Bishops aloft.*

*Mai.* See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

*Buc.* Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:  
 To stay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious prince,  
 Lend favorable cares to my request:  
 And pardon vs the interruption  
 Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

*Glo.* My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,  
 I rather doe beseech you pardon me,  
 Who earnest in the seruice of my God,  
 Neglect the visitation of my friends:  
 But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?

*Buc.* Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboute,  
 And all good men of this vngouern'd Ile.

*Glo.* I doe suspect, I haue done some offence,  
 That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,  
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:

*Buc.* You haue my Lord: would it please your grace  
 At our intreaties to amend that fault.

*Glo.* Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?  
*Buc.* Then know it is your fault that you resigne  
 The Supream Seate, the throno-maiefticall,  
 The Scepter office of your Ancestors.

The lineall glory of your royall House,  
 To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:  
 Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepe thoughts,  
 Which heere we waken to your Countreys good:

This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,  
 Her face defac't with scars of infamy,  
 And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph  
 Of blinde forgetfullnesse and darke obliuion:

Which to recouer we hartily solite  
 Your gracious selfe to take on you the souerainety thereof,  
 Not as *Protector*, *Steward*, *Substitute*,  
 Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?

But as successiuelly from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth your Emperie your owne:  
 For this conformed with the Citizens,  
 Your worshipfull and very louing friends,

And by there vehement instigation,  
 In this iust sute come I to mone your Grace.

*Glo.* I know not whither to depart in silence,  
 Or

H

Or

The Tragedie

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,  
Best fitteft my degree or your condition:  
Your loue deferues my thanks, but my defere  
Vnmeritable fhunes your high request,  
First if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were euen to the crowne,  
As my right reueneu and due by birth,  
Yet fo much is my pouerty of fpirit,  
So mighty and fo many my defects,  
As I had rather hide me from my greatneffe,  
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty fea,  
Then in my greatneffe couet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory fmothered;  
But God be thanked thers no neede for me,  
And much I neede to helpe you if neede were,  
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,  
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,  
Will well become the feate of maiefty;  
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,  
On him I lay, what you would on me:  
The right and fortune of his happy ftarres,  
Which God defend that I fhould wring from him.  
*Buc.* My Lord this argues conſcience in your grace  
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,  
All circumſtances well conſidered.  
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,  
So ſay we too, but not by *Edward*'s wife:  
For firſt he was contracted to *Lady Lucie*,  
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,  
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed  
To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of *France*,  
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,  
A care. crazd mother of many children,  
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdow,  
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,  
Made price and purchaace of his luſtfull eye,  
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,  
To baſe declenſion loathed bigamic,  
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

Of *Richard the Third.*

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince  
More bitterly could expoſtulate,  
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliu  
I giue a ſparing limet to my tongue:  
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,  
This proffered benefit of dignity?  
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall.  
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,  
From the corruption of a buſie time,  
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.

*May.* Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you

*Car.* O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.

*Glo.* Alas, why ſhould you heape theſe cares on me

I am vnfit for ſtate and dignity:

I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

*Buc.* If you reſuſe it as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depoſe the childe your brothers ſonne,

As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,

And gentle kind effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to youre kin,

And equally indeed to all eſtates,

Yet whether you except our ſute or no,

Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our King,

But we will plant ſome other in the throne,

To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:

And in this reſolution here I leaue you,

Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.

*Glo.* O doe not ſwear my Lord of *Buckingham*.

*Car.* Call them againe, my Lord and accept their ſute.

*Ano.* Do good my Lord, leaſt all the land doe rew it.

*Glo.* Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,

But penetrable to your kind intreats,

Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,

Couſen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on My backe,

To beare the burthen whether I will or no,

I muſt haue patience to endure the load,

But if blacke scandall or so foule fact reproach  
Attend the sequell of your impoison,  
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,  
For God he knowes and you may partly see,  
How farre I am from the delate thereof.

*May.* God blesse your grace, we see it, and will say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buc.* Then I salute you with this kingly title:  
Long liue King *Richard*, *Englands* royall King.

*May.* Amen.

*Buc.* To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

*Glo.* Euen when you will, since you will haue it so,

*Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your grace.

*Glo.* Come let vs to our holy taske againe;

Farewell good cousen, farewell gentle friends.

*Enter Queene mother, Duches of Yorke, Marques*

*Dorset at one doore, Duches of Gloucester*  
*at another doore.*

*Dut.* Who meetes vs heere my Neece *Plantagenet*?

*Qu.* Sister well met, whither away so fast?

*Dut. Glo.* No farther then the Tower, and as I gesse,  
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,  
To gratulate the tender princes there.

*Qu.* Kind sifter thankes weele enter all together.

*Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

*M.* Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

How fares the Prince?

*Lien.* Well Maddam and in health: but by your leaue,

I may not suffer you to visit him,

The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.

*Qu.* The King, why, who's that?

*Lien.* I cry you mercy I meane the Lord Protector.

*Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:

Hath he set bonds betwixt their loue and me:

I am their mother who should keepe me from them?

I am their father, mother, and will see them.

*Dut. Glo.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee one my perill.

*Lien.* I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:  
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stan.* Let me but meeete your Ladies at an houre hence,  
And Ile salute your grace of *Yorke*, as mother:

And reuerent looker one, of two faire Queenes.

Come Madam, you must goe with me to *Westminster*,  
There to be crown'd *Richards* royall Queene.

*Qu.* O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart  
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found  
With this dead liking newes.

*Dor.* Madam haue comfort, how fares your grace?

*Qu.* O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,  
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,

Thy mothers name is ominous to children,

If thou wilt ouer strip death, goe crosse the Seas,

And liue with *Robinson* from the race of hell,

Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Least thou increace the number of the dead,

And make me die the thrall of *Margrets* curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor *Englands* counted Queene.

*Sis.* Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,

Take all the swift aduantage at the time,

You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,

To meeete you on the way and welcome you,

Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.

*Dut. Yor.* O ill dispersing winde of misery,

O my accursed wombe the bed of death,

A Cokatrice hath thou hatcht to the world,

Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

*Stan.* Come Madam, I in all hast was sent for.

*Dut.* And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,

I would to god that the inclusiue verge

Of goulden metall that must round my browe,

Were red hotte Steele to seare me to the braine,

Annoynted let me be with deadly poyson,

And die ere men can say God saue the Queene.

The Tragicke

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, I eniue not thy glory,  
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

*Dut. Glo.* No, when he that is my husband now,  
Came to me I followed *Henries* course,  
When the blood was scarfe washt from his hands,  
Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,  
O, When I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,  
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,  
For making me so yong so old a widow.  
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haune thy bed,  
And be thy Wife if any be so badde  
As miserable by the death of thee.

As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,  
Loe cuen I can repeate this curse againe,  
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart  
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,  
And prou'd the subiects of mine owne soules curse,  
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,  
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,  
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,  
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,  
Besides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,  
And will shortly be rid of me.

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

*Dut. Glo.* No more then from my soule I mourne for yours

*Qu.* Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.

*Dut. Glo.* A due poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it.

*Dut. Yor.* Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee  
Go thou to *Richard*, and good *Angels* guard thee,  
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,  
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,  
Eighty old yeares of sorrow haue I scene,  
And each houres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets sound, Enter *Richard* crowned, *Buckingham*,  
*Catesby*, with other Nobles

*King.* Stand all a part, Cousen of *Buckingham*,  
Giue me thy hand: Here he ascends his throne.

of *Richard the Third*.

Thus high by thy aduice  
Add thy assistance is *King Richard* seated:

But shall we were these honours for a day?

Or shall they last and we reioyce in them?

*Buc.* Still liue they, and foreuer may they last.

*King.* O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,

To try if thou be currant gold nedeede:

*Yong Edward* liues: thinke now what I would say

*Buc.* Say on my gracious soueraigne.

*King.* Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be *King*.

*Buc.* Why see you are my thrice renowned Liege,

*King.* Ha: am I *King*? tis so, but *Edward* liues.

*Buc.* True noble Prince.

*King.* O bitter consequence,

That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince,

Cousen thou wert not wont to be so dull,

Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddainly performde,

What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be brieft,

*Buc.* Your grace may doe your pleasure.

*King.* Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindenesse freezeth.

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buc.* Giue me some breath my Lord,

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolute your grace immediatlie.

*Car.* The *King* is angry see he bites his lip.

*King.* I will conuerse with iron wittie fooles,

And varespectiue *Boyes*, none are for me

That looke into me with considerate eyes:

*Boy*, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.

*Boy.* Lord.

*King.* Knowst thou not any whome corrupting gold

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

*Boy.* My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whole humble meanes matcht not his haughty made,

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

and will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

*King.* What is his name?

*Boy.* His name my Lord, is *Terrill*.

*King*

*King.* Goe call him hither presently,  
The deepe resolving witty *Buckingham*,  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,  
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,  
And stops he now for breath?

*Enter Darby.*  
How now what newes with you?

*Dar.* My Lord I heare the *Marquesse Dorset*  
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas  
Where he abides.

*King. Capesby.* *Can.* My Lord.

*King.* Rumor is abroad  
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,  
I will take order for her keeping close:  
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,  
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter  
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:

Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out  
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.

About it, for it stands me much vpon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,  
I must be married to my brothers daughter,  
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,  
Murder her brother, and then marry her,  
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in  
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,  
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

*Enter Tirrel.*  
Is thy name *Tirrel*?

*Tir.* Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

*King.* Art thou indeed?

*Tir.* Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

*King.* Darst thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tir.* I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,

*King.* Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemyes.

Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

*Tirrel,* I meane those bastards in the Tower.

*Tir.* Let me haue meanes to come to them,

of *Richard the Third.*

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,

*King.* Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,

Go by that token, rise and leade thine eare. *Hee whispers in*

*Tis no more but so, say, is it done* *his eare.*

And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.

*Tir.* 'Tis done my good Lord.

*King.* Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

*Tir.* Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did sound me in.

*King.* Well let that passe *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

*Buc.* I heare that newes my Lord.

*King.* *Stanley*, he is your wiues sonne: Well lookt too it.

*Buc.* My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd,

The Earledome of *Herford* and the moucables,

The which you promised I should possesse.

*King.* *Stanley* looke to your wife, if they conuey

Letters to *Richmond* you shall answer it.

*Buc.* What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

*King.* As I remember *Henry* the sixt

Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,

When *Richmond* was a litle pccuifh boy,

A King perhaps, perhaps,

*Buc.* My Lord.

*King.* How chance the prophet could not at that time,

Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

*Buc.* My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.

*King.* *Richmond*, When last I was at *Exeter*,

The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it *Rugemount*, at which name I started,

Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once

I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

*Buc.* My Lord.

*King.* I whats a clocke?

*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in minde

Of what you promised me.

*King.* Well but whats a clocke?

*Buc.* Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.  
 Buc. Why let it strike?  
 King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke  
 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:  
 I am not in the giuing, vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?  
 King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.

Buc. Is it euen so, rewards hee my true seruice  
 With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?  
 O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone  
 To Brecknocke, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,  
 The most arch-acts of pittious massacre,  
 That euer yet this land was guilty of,  
 Dighton and Forrest whom I did subbozne,  
 To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,  
 Although they were flesht villaines, bloody dogs,  
 Melting with tenderesse and compassion,  
 Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:  
 Loe thus quoth Dighton lay these tender babes,  
 Thus, thus quoth Forrest girdling one another  
 Within their inocent ablaster armes,  
 Their lipes like foure red Roses on a stalke,  
 When in there somner beauty kist each other,  
 A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,  
 which once quoth Forrest almost chang'd my mind,  
 But O the Diuell! there the villian stoppt,  
 Whilst Dighton thus told, on we smothered  
 The most replenisht sweet worke of nature  
 That from the prime Creation euer he framde,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind Tirrell, and I happy in thy newes?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge  
 Beget your hapynesse, bee happy then,  
 For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?  
 Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:  
 But how or in what place I doe not know.

King. Come to mee Tirrell soone after supper,  
 And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,

Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire,

Farewell till soone. Exit Tirrell.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pend vp close,  
 His daughter meanelly haue I matcht in marriage,

The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,  
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:

Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aims  
 And yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,

And by that knot looks proudly ore the Crowne,  
 To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Careby.

Car. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest so bluntly?

Car. Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,  
 And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth,  
 King Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare

Then Buckingham and his rash leuel'd army:  
 Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,

Is leade seruitor to dull delay,  
 Delay leades impotent and soaile-pac't beggery,

Then fiery expedition be my wings,  
 Ioue, Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,  
 We must be brieft, when traytors braue the field.

Exit.

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:

Here in these confines I haue I lurkt,  
 To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:

A dire induction am I witness too,  
 And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will procure as bitter, blacke and tragicall,  
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes heere.

*Enter the Queene and the Duchesse of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,  
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,  
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,  
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,  
Houer about me with your airie wings,  
And heare your mothers lamentations.

*Qu. Mar.* Houer about her, say that right for right,  
Hath dimd your infant morae, to aged night,

*Qu.* Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the intrails of the Wolfe:

When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

*Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son,

*Duc.* Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,  
Woes seane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,  
Rest their yrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,  
Vnlawfull made d-unke with innocents blood.

*Qu.* O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,  
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:  
O who hath any cause to moune but I?

*Duc.* So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce  
That my woe-weried tongue is mute and dumbe,  
*Edward* plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Qu. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,  
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,

And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,  
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.

I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.

Thou hadst an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.

Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

*Duc.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:

I had a *Richard* too, and thou hadst to kill him:

*Qu. Mar.* I had a *Richard* too, till *Richard* kild him.

Fit a *Richard* till thy wofulnes hath crept,

A hell.

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,  
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes  
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle bloods,  
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,  
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,  
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,  
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall curte  
Preyes on the issue of his mothers body,  
And make her pue-fellow with others none.

*Duc.* O, *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,  
God witnesse with me I haue wept for thee.

*Qu. Mar.* Beare with me I am hungry for reuenge,  
And now I cloie me with beholding it:

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,

Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,

Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my losse:

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,

And the beholders of this tragicke play,

The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rimers*, *Faughan*, *Gray*,

Vntimely smothered in their duskie graues,

*Richard* yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,

And send them thither, but at hand,

Enfues his pittious, and unpittied end,

Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,

To haue him suddenly conueyed away.

Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,

That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

*Qu.* O thou didst prophesie the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse

That boteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

*Qu. Mar.* I call thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,

I call thee then poore shaddow painted Queene,

The presentation of but what I was,

The fluttering index of a direfull pageant,

One heau'd a high to be hurled downe below,

A mother one y, mockt with two sweet babes,

A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

The Tragicke

A signe of dignity, a garish flagge,  
To bee the aime of euery dangerous shot,  
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:  
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?  
Who sues to me and cries God saue the Queene?  
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?  
Decline all this and see what now thou art,  
For happy wife, almost distressed widdow;  
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:  
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:  
For one being sued too, one that humble sues:  
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:  
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,  
And left me but a very prey to time,  
Hating no more, but thought of what thou art,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:  
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not  
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?  
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,  
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,  
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:  
Farewell *Yorke's* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,  
These English woes will make me smile in France.  
*Qu.* O thou well skild in curses stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.  
*Qu. Mar.* Forbear to sleepe the night, and fast the day,  
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,  
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,  
And he that slew them fowler then he is:  
Betring thy losse make the bad causer worse,  
Revoluing this will teach thee how to curse.  
*Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,  
*Qu. M.* Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine.  
*Dur.* Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*  
*Qu.* Windie attunies to your clients woes,  
A fiery succeders of intestate ioyes,

of Richard the Third.

Poore breathing orators of miseries,  
Let them haue scope, though what they doe impart  
Helpe not all, yet not doe they ease the hart.  
*Dur.* If so, then be not long-tide, goe with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smoothe her  
My damned sonne, which thy too sonnes smother'd  
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King. Richard marching with drummes  
and trumpets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expedition?

*Dur.* A shee, that might haue intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,  
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

*Qu.* Had'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,  
Where shou'd be grauen, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,  
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:  
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

*Dur.* Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarenc*?  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?

*Qu.* Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

*King.* A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,  
Let not the heauens heare these tell-taile women  
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets  
sounds.*

Either be patient and intreat me faire,  
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,  
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

*Dur.* art thou my sonne?

*King.* I, I thanke God, my Father and your selfe.

*Dur.* Then patiently heare my impatience.

*King.* Madam I haue a touch of your cond. tion,  
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

*Dur.* I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

*King.* and brieft good mother for I am in hast.

*Dur.* art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,  
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

*King.* and came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dur.* No by the holy roode thou knowit it well,  
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:



The Tragedie

A greivous burthen was thy birth to me,  
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancy,  
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious;  
Thy age confirmde, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,  
What comfortable houre canst thou name,  
That euer grac't me in thy company?

King. Faith none but *Hampshires* houre, that cald your grace  
To breakefast once forth of my company.

If it be so gracious in your sight,  
Let me march on and not offend your grace.

Dur. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more,

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dur. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance

Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,  
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,  
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:  
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,  
Which in the day of battell tire thee more  
Then all the compleate armour that thou werst,  
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,  
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,  
And promise them successe in victory,  
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,  
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse  
Abides in me, I say amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,  
For thee to murder, for my daughters, *Richard*  
They shall be praying nunnnes, not weeping Queenes,  
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,  
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,  
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,  
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,  
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,  
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

of Richard the Third.

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth shee is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.

King. Loe at their births good starres are opposite.

Qu. Not to there liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny,

Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destinde to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

King. Madam so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile

As intend more good to you and yours, (armes,

Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.

Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,

To be discovered that can doe me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignity and height of honor,

The hight imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,

Will I endow a childe of thine,

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drownest the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, leaust that the proesse of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

King. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

King. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,

And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it,

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,

I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.

The Tragedie

Qu. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?

King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?

Qu. How canst thou woe her?

King. That I would learne of you,  
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart,

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers

A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,  
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,  
Therefore present to her, as sometimes Margret  
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlands blood,  
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,  
If this inducement force her not to loue,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts:

Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence,  
Her Vnckle Rivers, yea, and for her sake  
Madedst quicke conuiciance with her good Aunt Anne.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way  
To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,  
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire Englands peace by his alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command increaseth,

Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. but how long shall that title euer last?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,

Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loths such soueraingtie.

Of Richard the Thir d.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.

King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not Honest is to harsh a stile,

King. Madam your reasons are too shallow and to quicke,

Qu. O no my reasons are too deepe and dead:

Too deepe and dead poore infants in there graue,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake,

King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophain'd, dishonour'd, and the third vsurped,

King. I swere by nothing,

Qu. By nothing for this is no oath,

The George prophain'd, hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knighthly vertue:

The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity,

If nothing thou wilt swere to be beleueed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd,

King. Now, by the world:

Qu. 'Tis full of thy soule wrongs:

King. My Fathers death:

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonour'd.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth:

King. Why then by God:

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,

The vnity the King thy brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother flaine.

If thou hadst feard to breake an oth by him,

The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,

Had grac't the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princes had beene breathing here,

Which now two tender play-fellowe for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd in time or past,

For I my selfe haue many teates to wash

Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,

The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtred,

The Tragedie

Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with her age,  
The parents live whose children thou hast butchered,  
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:  
Swear not by time to come for that thou hast  
Misused, ere used, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repeat,  
So thrice I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,  
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,  
Be opposite all planets of good lucke  
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,  
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,  
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,  
In her consists my happinesse and thine.

Without her followes to this land and me,  
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,  
Sad desolate ruine and decay,  
It cannot be auoided but by this:

It will not be auoided but by this:  
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)  
Be the attorney of my loue to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,  
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:  
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,  
And be not peeuish fond in deepe signes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?

King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,

Qu. shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?

King. I, if your selues remembrance wroug your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.

King. but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,

Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,  
Selves of themselves to your recomfigure,

Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happie mother in the deed.

Qu. I goe, writ to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true louses kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*

Releuing foole and shallow changing woman *Enter Rat.*

Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

of Richard the Third.

Rideth a puissant Nauiue: To the shore,  
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,  
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:  
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:

And there they lull expecting but the aide,  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore,  
King. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk.

Rat. Raluffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Flee to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,  
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine

Why standsst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mightie soueraigne let me know your mind,  
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.

King. O true good Catesby, bid him leuie straight,  
The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meete me presently at Salisbury.

Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at Salisbury?

King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I goe?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My minde is chang'd sir, my minde is chang'd:

How now what newes with you; *Enter Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord to please you with hearing,  
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

King. Hoidaie a riddle neither good nor bad:  
Why doest thou runne so many miles about,

When thou maiest tell thy tale a neerer way,  
Once more what newes;

Dar. Richmond is one the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,  
White liuered runagate what doth he there;

Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse

King. Well sir, as you guesse,

Dar. Sturdyp by Dorset, Buckingham and Ely,  
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?

Is the King dead? the Empire vnposselt?

What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?

And who is England's King, but great Yorke's heire?

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The Tragicke

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

*Dar.* vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.

*King.* Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,  
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,  
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.

*Dar.* No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*King.* Where is thy power now to bea: him backe?  
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,  
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,

*Dar.* No my good Lord my friends are in the North,

*King.* Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?  
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.

*Dar.* They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,  
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,  
He muster vp my friends and meete your grace,  
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?

*King.* I, I, thou wouldst begone to ieyue with *Richmond*,  
I will not trust you sir,

*Dar.* Most mighty soueraigne  
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,  
I neuer was nor neuer will be false,

*King.* Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind  
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:  
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

*Dar.* So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,  
As I by friends am well aduertised,  
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,  
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,  
With many more confederates are in armes,

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,  
And euery houre more competitors  
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

*King.*

of Richard the Third.

*King.* Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,  
Take that vntile you bring mee better newes.

*Mes.* Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,  
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,  
The Duke of *Buckingham*s army is disperst and scattered:  
And he himselife fled no man knowes whither.

*King.* O I cry you mercy I did mistake,  
*Ratcliffe* re waide him for the blow I gaue him;  
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,  
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?

*Mes.* Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir *Thomas Lowell*, and Lord marques *Dorset*,  
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
The Brittain Naue is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorset shire*,  
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,  
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:

Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*  
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,  
Heist faile, and made away for Brittain.

*King.* March on, march on since we are vp in armes,  
Vnto to fight with forraine enemies,  
Vnto to beat downe these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,  
Thats the best newes, that the Eare of *Richmond*  
Is with a mightie power landed at *Malsford*,  
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,  
A royall battell might bee wonne and lost.  
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought  
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

*Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,  
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,  
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,  
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,  
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

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The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?  
*Chri.* At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.  
*Dar.* What men of name resort to him?  
*Chri.* *Sir Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,  
*Sir Gilberie Talbot*, *sir William Stanley*,  
*Oxford*, redoubted *Pembroke*, *sir James Blunt*,  
*Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,  
With many more of noble fame and worth,  
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him  
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie consented  
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,  
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter Buckingham to execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?

*Rat.* No my Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buc.* *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Rivers*, *Gray*,  
Holie King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.

*Vaughan*, and all that haue miscarried,  
By vnderhand corrupted, soule iniustice,  
If that your moodie discontented soules,  
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,  
Euen for reuenge: mocke my destruction:

This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Buc.* Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies Doomesday:

This is the day that in King *Edwards* time

I wisht might fall one me when I was found

Fals: to his children, or his wiues allies:

This is the day where in I wisht to fall,

By the false faith of him I trusted most:

This is all-soules day, to my fearesfull soule,

Is the determined, despite of my wronges:

That high all-seer that I dallied with,

Hath t'and my fained prai'r one my head,

And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.

Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

of Richard the Third:

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:  
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,  
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
Remember *Margret* was a propheteffe.  
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Enter Richmond with drumes and trumpets.*

*Rich.* Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,  
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,  
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,  
Haue we marcht on without impediment:  
And heere receiue we from our father *Stanley*,  
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,  
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,  
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,  
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,  
In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine  
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,  
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:  
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,  
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,  
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,  
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords  
To fite against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but who are friends for feare,  
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

*Rich.* all for our aduanrage, then in Gods name march,

True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

*Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.*

*King.* Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,

Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?

*Cat.* My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

*King.* *Norfolk*, come hither:

*Norfolk*, we must haue knockes ha must we not?

*Nor.* We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

*King.* Vp with my tent, heere will I lye to night,

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The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:

Who hath defied the number of the foe;

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battail inrebles that account,

Besides that a Kings name is a tower of strength,

Which they vpon the aduers party want:

Vp with my tent there valian Gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

Call for some men of sound directton,

Lets want no disciplin, make no delay,

For Lords to morrow is a busie day,

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden feat,

And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,

Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,

Where is Sir William Brandon, he sha'll beare my standerd,

The Earle of Pembrokee keep his regiment,

Good Captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,

And by the second houre in the morning,

Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest,

Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistaine his colours much,

Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.

His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,

South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,

Good Captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,

And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.

Rich. Farewell Good Blunt.

Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,

Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,

Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,

And part in iust proportion our small strength:

Come let vs consult vpon to morrowes businessse,

Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat.

Of Richard the Thir d.

Cat. It is six of the clocke full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and paper,

What is my Beauer eafter then it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good Norfolk hie thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes

To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, leaft his sonne George fall

Into the blind caue of eternall night,

Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my stauces be found and not too heauy Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and him selfe,

Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

King. so I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,

I haue not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,

Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent

And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say.

Exit Rat.

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory fit one thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can asord,

Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,

Who prayes continually for Richmonds good

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The Tragedie

So much for that: the silent houres steale on,  
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,  
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:  
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment  
Of bloody strokes and mortall staring warre,  
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,  
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,  
And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:  
But one thy side I may not be too forward,  
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,  
Be executed in his fathers sight.  
Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:  
Cuts off the ceremonious yowes of loue,  
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,  
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,  
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,  
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.  
*Rich.* Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:  
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,  
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*  
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,  
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:  
Put in there hands thy brushing Irons of wrath,  
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,  
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,  
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:  
That we may praise thee in the victory,  
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,  
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,  
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

*Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixth*  
*Ghost to K. Ric.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow  
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth  
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.  
*To Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*. for the wronged soules  
Of

of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,  
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.  
*Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth,*  
*Ghost to K. Ric.* When I was mortall my annointed body,  
By thee was punched full of holes,  
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die,  
*Harrie* the sixth bids thee dispaire and die,  
*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,  
*Harrie* that Propheesied thou shouldst be King,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.  
*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*  
*Ghost.* Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,  
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,  
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:  
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,  
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.  
*To Rich.* Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*,  
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,  
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.  
*Enter the ghosts of Riuer, Gray, Vaughan,*  
*Riu.* Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,  
*Riuers*, that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and die.  
*Gray.* Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.  
*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare  
Let fall thy lance, dispaire and die.  
All to *Rich.* A wake and thinke our wrongs in *Rich.* bosome,  
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.  
*Enter the ghost of L. Hastings.*  
*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battell end tny dayes.  
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.  
*To Rich.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,  
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.  
*Enter the Ghost of two yong Princes*  
*Ghost.* Dreame on thy cousens smothered in the tower  
Let vs be layd with in thy bosome *Richard*,  
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,  
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.  
*To R. j.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

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Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,  
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:  
*Edwards* unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.*

*Richard*, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife,  
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,  
Now firs thy sleepe with perturbations,  
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,  
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.  
To *Rich*. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou quiet sleepe,  
Dreame of successe and happy victory,  
Thy aduerfaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,  
The last was I that felt the tyranny,  
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,  
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:  
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,  
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.  
To *Rich*. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,  
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,  
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,  
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard started out of a dreame.*

*K Rich*. Giue me anothr horse, bind vp my wounds:  
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.  
O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?  
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:  
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,  
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,  
*Richard* loues *Richard*, that is I am I,  
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,  
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,  
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;  
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good  
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

of *Richard the Third*.

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,  
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:  
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.  
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,  
My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,  
And euery tongue brings in a feuerall tale.  
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:  
Periury, in the highest degree,  
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,  
All feuerall finnes, all vsde in each degree,  
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,  
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,  
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:  
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,  
Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.  
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdered  
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat  
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat* My Lord.

*King*. Zounds, who is there?

*Rat*. My Lord tis I: the earely village cocke,  
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.

Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,  
*King*. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,  
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?

*Rat*. No doubt my Lord.

*King*. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,

*Rat*. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of shadowes.

*King*. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night  
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,  
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers  
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.  
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,  
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,  
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the lords to Richmond.*

*Lords*. Good morrow *Richmond*.

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The Tragedie

*Rich.* Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentle men,  
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.

*Lor.* How haue you slept my Lord?

*Rich.* The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,  
That euer entred in a drowisie head,  
Haue I since your departure had my Lord;  
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murdered,  
Came to my tent and cried on victory:  
I promise you my soule is very iocund,  
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,  
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

*Lor.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*Rich.* Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.  
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*  
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*  
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,  
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,  
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,  
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,  
*Richard* except, those whom we fight against,  
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:  
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,  
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.  
On raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:  
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,  
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:  
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle  
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,  
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:  
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,  
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:  
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,  
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,  
If you doe fight against your cuntryes foes,  
Your cuntries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.  
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,  
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:  
If you doe free your children from the sword,  
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

of *RICHARD THE THIRD.*

Then in the name of God and all these rights,  
Aduaunce your standards draw your willing swords  
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,  
Shall be this cold corps on the earths could face:  
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,  
The least of you shall share his part thereof,  
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,  
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victory.

*Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.*

*King.* What sayd *Northumbreland* as touching *Richmond*?

*Rat.* That he was neuer train'd vp in armes.

*King.* He sayd the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.

*Rat.* He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.

*King.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there *The clocke striketh.*

Give me a Kalender, who saw the sunne to day?

*Rat.* Not I my Lord,

*King.* then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,

He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,

A blacke day will it be to some body,

*Rat.* My Lord.

*King.* The sunne will not be seene to day,

The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our army,

I would these dewie teares were from the ground,

Not shine to day, why, what is that to me

More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen

That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

*Enter Norfolk,*

*Nor.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

*King.* Come bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,

Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,

I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,

And thus my battell shall bee ordered.

My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foote.

Our archers shall be placed in the midst,

*John Duke of Norfolk*, *Thomas Earle of Surrey*

Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,

They thus directed, we will follow

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The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puiffance on either fide  
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horfe ?

This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.

*Nor.* A good direction warlike foueraigne, *He sheweth  
him a paper.*  
Thi; found I one my tent this morning.

*Lockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

*King.* A thing deuifed by the euemy,  
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,  
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,  
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,  
Deuifde as first to keepe the strong in awe,  
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe,  
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,

If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration  
to his army.*  
What shall I say more then I haue inferd,

Remember who you are in cope withall,  
A sort of vababonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,  
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pesants,  
Whome their ore cloyed cuntry vomits forth  
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,

You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :  
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,  
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow ?

Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,  
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life  
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in show :  
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,  
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *Fraunce*,  
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,  
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.

If we be conquered let men conquer vs,  
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers  
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,  
And on record left them the heire of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wiues ?  
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,  
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,  
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring his power ?

*Me.* My Lord he doth deny to come.  
*King.* Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

*Nor.* My Lord the enemy is past the marsh,  
After the battell let *George Stanley* die.

*King.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,  
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,  
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*  
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dragons,  
Vpon them, victory fits one our helpe.

*Alarum excursions, Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew rescew,  
The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
Daring an opposite to euery danger,  
His horse is slaine, and all one foote he fights,  
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,  
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard*

*King.* A horse, a horse my Kingdome for a horse.

*Cat.* Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

*King.* Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die,  
I thinke there be fixe *Richmonds* in the field,  
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.  
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse:

*Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is  
slaine then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond. Darby  
bearing the Crowne with other Lords.*

*Rich.* God and your arme be praised victorious friends,  
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

*Dar.* Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,  
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,  
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,  
Weare it, and make much of it.

*Rich.* Great God of heanen say Amen to all,

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The Tragedie

But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing ?

*Dar.* He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* towne,  
Whether if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

*Rich.* what men of name are slaine one either side ?

*John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris, sir  
Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandon.*

*Rich.* Enter their bodies as become their births,  
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,  
That in submission will returne vs,  
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,  
We will vnite the white rose and red.  
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,  
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmity.  
What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?  
*England* hath long beene mad, and scard her selfe,  
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,  
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,  
The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the fire,  
All this deuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,  
Deuided in there dire diuision.  
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,  
The true succeeders of each royall house,  
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,  
And let thy heires (God if they will be so )  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,  
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,  
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloudie dayes againe,  
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of bloud,  
Let them not liue to tast this lands increase,  
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.  
Now ciuell wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,  
That the may loug liue heare, God say Amen.

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*Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my yo<sup>ig</sup> Princes, ah my tender babes,  
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,  
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,  
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,  
Houer about me with your airie wings,  
And heare your mothers lamentations.

*Qu. Mar.* Houer about her, say that right for right,  
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

*Qu.* Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,  
And throw them in the mtrailes of the Wolfe:  
When didst thou fleape when such a deed was done?

*Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.

*Dut.* Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,  
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,  
Rest their vnest on *Englands* lawfull earth,  
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

*Qu.* O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,  
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feat,  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:  
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

*Dut.* So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce  
That my woe-weried tongue is mute and dumbe,  
*Edward* plantageact, why art thou dead?

*Qu. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,  
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,  
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,  
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:  
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.  
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.  
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.  
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

*Dut.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:  
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holp't to kill him:

*Qu. Mar.* Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.  
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

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